UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

A New Middle Ages? - - *Sheldon Christian*

The Social Sciences and the Colleges - - - - *Joseph Ernest McAfee*

An Instance of Goodwill - *John Haynes Holmes*

Communists in Church - - - *Fred W. Shorter*

The Study Table - - - *Duncan Howlett, John Haynes Holmes, James Dahir*

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

Italy and the Adowa Disaster

Letter by a Daughter of Richard Cobden

To the Editor of the Manchester Guardian:

Sir,—This letter, written in 1896, by the daughter of Richard Cobden, the great apostle of peace, is at this moment so apt that I venture to send it you for publication. Though its author has passed to her rest, "in death she yet speaketh."

"The people has spoken at last, and has spoken for humanity as well as for Italy. There are demonstrations now being made in Italy for peace, and for the retreat from Africa, that are unlike, in character and extent, any hitherto seen. The people has roused itself from its political apathy, and is saying with one voice, from the north to the south of the Peninsula, that the Government shall be based on abstract right and justice. Crispi has fallen. 'God has sent the bill to him,' and a man who began life as a hero and a patriot ends it as the scourge and shame of his country. Nothing can be more gratifying to those who have loved Italy and have never doubted her real greatness through very dark days than to witness this vigorous outburst of feeling, specially notable for the spontaneous part taken in it by her youth. Is Italy, indeed, to lead the way to true international alliance—alliance between peoples, not Cabinets?

"On Wednesday last, when news of the defeat at Adowa reached them, the students of the ancient University of Pavia called a meeting to initiate a movement in all the universities of Italy to protest against the continuation of the war in Africa. The following resolution was passed: 'The students of the University of Pavia, believing that the African expedition was not undertaken in the interests of the nation but in those of a few ambitious speculators, believing also that in face of the misfortunes of their country her youth cannot remain indifferent, now vote that the insane enterprise be immediately cut short, and invite the other universities of Italy to join them in their protest.'

"Hearing that by the next train a handful of artillerymen were to start for Africa, the meeting adjourned to the railway station, and there the demonstration assumed formidable proportions. A great crowd of citi-

(*Continued on Page* 140)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXVI MONDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1935 No. 7

WAR PRAYER

[This prayer was written by Mark Twain, who said, "I have told the whole truth in that prayer, and only dead men can tell the truth in this world. It can be published after I am dead." It is especially appropriate now on the occasion of the centenary of Mark Twain's birth, November 30, 1835-1935. —Editor.]

"O Lord our God, help us to tear their soldiers to bloody shreds with our shells; help us to cover their smiling fields with the pale forms of their patriot dead; help us to drown the thunder of the guns with the wounded, writhing in pain; help us to lay waste their humble homes with a hurricane of fire; help us to wring the hearts of their unoffending widows with unavailing grief; help us to turn them out roofless with their little children to wander unfriended through wastes of their desolated land in rags and hunger and thirst, sport of the sun flames of summer and the icy winds of winter, broken in spirit, worn with travail, imploring Thee for the refuge of the grave and denied it—for our sakes, who adore Thee, Lord, blast their hopes, blight their lives, protract their bitter pilgrimage, make heavy their steps, water their way with their tears, stain the white snow with the blood of their wounded feet! We ask of One who is the spirit of love and who is the ever-faithful refuge and friend of all that are sore beset, and seek His aid with humble and contrite hearts. Grant our prayer, O Lord, and Thine shall be the praise and honor and glory, now and ever. Amen."

The Tory victory in England on November 14th last was impressive. A majority of well over 250 votes in the Commons would be regarded as a triumph in any election except just this one which follows upon the panic sweep of 1931 which gave a so-called Nationalist Government a majority of over 400 votes. MacDonald's great betrayal of that year, however, is now undone, and the Conservative Party enters office with one of the largest bodies of supporters in modern English history. None the less, there is cause for rejoicing. First and foremost, we put the defeat of J. Ramsay MacDonald by a vote which removes him from public life forever. He was removed thus once before, during the Great War, but under circumstances which won him honor and renown. This time, however, he is thrust into political oblivion with a contempt which blasts him like the fires of hell. Now, like Benedict Arnold before him, must he eat out his heart with no friend anywhere to give him comfort. Secondly, we would name as a cause of rejoicing the return of the Labor Party to powerful position as His Majesty's opposition. The election crisis, so suddenly precipitated by Mr. Baldwin, to say nothing of the Party's repudiation of its pacifist position and playing up to the Tory League of Nation's policy, seemed to portend another smashing defeat only less terrible than that of the "panic" election of 1931. But prophets were confounded; Labor has come back! With nearly 160 votes in the Commons, and a total popular vote in the nation only about a million less than the majority vote of the Conservatives, the Party may bide its time. A third cause for congratulation is found in the practical extinction of the Liberals, who no longer have any particular reason for being, and in the stranding of Lloyd-George like a flopping fish upon the sands. As long as the Lloyd-George family is left intact, there will be some Liberals in Parliament, but they are as pitiful as rags fluttering upon a dead body. The whole election was a clearing of the ground and a cleaning of the atmosphere. England is herself again—an inevitable Tory interim, to be succeeded, heaven grant, by the due triumph of Labor for the great new day ahead!

The vote of Greece to recall its exiled king is of profound significance. Not that Greece is of any particular importance! But as a symbol and a portent, a sign of the times, this action of a whole people is momentous. What we see in this event is an interpretation, or rather explanation, from one point of view at least, of what's going on in the world these days. Everywhere democracies are disappearing before dictatorships, liberty collapsing into the arms of autocracy. Why? Because, among other things, it seems to us, the democratic leaders of the age have done nothing to justify their existence. Take Greece, for example! She drove out her king and, under the lead of Venezelos, established a constitution and a free parliamentary government. Then what did Venezelos do? He used the confidence reposed in him by an aspiring people to play the game of imperialism with the great powers. Ill

equipped for such a role, taxed and tortured beyond endurance, the Greeks at last rose up in rebellion, and now are glad to entrust their fortunes to a monarchy. The story of Germany is the same, or worse. Following the War, the Germans established a socialist republic under the Weimar constitution. For the first time in modern history, Socialists were in absolute control of a great nation. What did they do? Clean out the old imperialistic civil service, oust the military along with the kings and princes, take over the huge landed estates of the junkers, and socialize the industries of the state? Not at all! The Socialists did absolutely nothing along socialistic lines. They left untouched the old regime, and were active only in base compliance with the outrageous demands of the Allies. What wonder that the people got rid of them and turned to Hitler! Another illustration, of course, is England. Twice the Labor Party, under MacDonald, headed the government. It is true that the Party did not hold a majority in the Commons, but they could still bring in their program of Socialism, as they were pledged to do. Instead, the Laborites carried on an administration indistinguishable from that of the Liberals, or even Tories. Is it surprising that the people got disgusted and turned to the conservatives who at least had the virtue of living up to their principles? A good part of the reaction of these days is the result of the refusal or fear of the radicals to act when they had a chance. Fascists and Communists at least mean business, and thus hold power.

It takes a good deal of courage or audacity for a man to walk in the path of the Caesars. Think of Mussolini on the streets of Rome! There would seem to be only one enduring thing in that city, and that is the Holy Church, the Vatican, which relies upon the sword of the spirit rather than of the flesh. All else in Rome, apart from the pomp and circumstance of modern days, including the marble monstrosity of the Victor Emmanuel Memorial, is ruins—the dust and ashes of these very Caesars whom Mussolini is aping so assiduously. To be sure, the modern Caesar is doing his best to restore these ruins. The Coliseum, the Forum, the walls and aqueducts and arches are all being rebuilt, that the old glory may exist again. But nothing can hide the sinister fact that this very restoration business is made necessary by the further fact that all this glory, once sustained by armies mightier than any Il Duce leads, or will ever lead, collapsed at last into the wreckage of the centuries. Does the Italian dictator imagine that he is a greater than Caesar, that he may conquer the years, and thus triumph? Does he believe that his works may endure, where all others of the kind have failed? Or does he think that he may have his day, strut his great hour upon the stage, and disappear before what even so stupid a monarch as Louis XIV recognized as "the deluge"? What goes on in this strange, perhaps crazed, mind nobody knows. The guess of the psychologist that Mussolini is driven by the nightmare of an inferiority complex, that makes the very spectacle of ruin compel him to grandiose displays of arms, is perhaps as good as any other. Meanwhile, in an age which should long since have seen the end of empire, this despot, who would be ridiculous if not so tragic and so terrible, poses as another Caesar and asks unnumbered Italian youths to pay the price. What it all means we think we know, for the history of empire and glory is always the same. Mussolini's night will come, and new ruins be piled upon the old. For Caesar and God are two masters, both of whom no man can worship, and it is God whose way and will at last everywhere prevail. *Ave, Caesar!*

Reports from Washington are to the effect that the government is terribly worried over the rise in the cost of living. Since March, 1933—significant date!—this cost has been steadily going up, and in recent months has been going up rapidly. Thus, it is now about 40 per cent above the level of two years ago. But why on earth, we beg to ask, should Washington feel worried, or surprised, or anything else but gratified? For what was the one thing Mr. Roosevelt said he was after in his New Deal, if not the raising of the price-level? "Prices must go up," was his ringing cry. And everything that he has done, from manipulating the currency to organizing the AAA, has been directed to this end. And now that he has got, or is getting, what he was after, the President doesn't like it! Well, there are some other people who don't like it, millions of them, the great body of consumers, who feel these rising prices as an obstacle in the way of their struggle to keep body and soul together. The father who has a family to support, the mother who has children to feed, the unemployed who have no jobs nor income, the great mass of workers who earn small wages in precarious security, why should these like higher prices? What is more, why should these have ever "fallen" for a program which provided for higher prices? The President said we had to have a rise in the price-level in order to get back prosperity. But why should we want prosperity in terms of a higher cost of living? What the President meant, of course, was not prosperity but *profits*. We had to have a rise in prices in order that business might continue to gouge, rob, and exploit the people. Prices, in other words, have relation not to the consumer but to the profiteer. Or rather they have relation to the consumer only in the sense that, under our existing system, this consumer is to be sacrificed to the profiteer. Our economy runs, that is, only to the degree that it enables the few to exploit the many to their own advantage. Some day the people will find this out, and then there will be no such thing as raising the price-level as a condition of prosperity. Perhaps the people, the *voters*, are finding

it out now, and that's the worry down in Washington. Yea, verily, let this rise in prices keep on into 1936, and Mr. Roosevelt will have about as much chance of re-election as Mr. Hoover had in 1932.

Profoundly significant is the action of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., in withdrawing his support from the Northern Baptist Church and pledging his future donations to religious work which is "interdenominational or non-denominational in character." Mr. Rockefeller was born and reared in the Baptist faith, and, like his father, has given millions to the Baptist denomination. But now he declares that he proposes "to use such influence as [he has] in emphasizing the basic truths common to all denominations, in lowering denominational barriers and in promoting effective cooperation among Christians of whatever creed." What is momentous in this action is its evidence that the campaign against denominationalism in religion is marching on to victory. It has now become so strong that it has persuaded a practically-minded layman to rally to its support, and swing the enormous power of money to its aid. Money still talks, and what a hundred seers and saints, prophets and prelates cannot do is easily done by one millionaire. But it's all to the good, as indicating that the end of Protestant divisions is at least in sight. UNITY cannot refrain from remembering and recording that it has from the beginning been a pioneer in this good cause. Thus, its first editor, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, was all his life an opponent of sectarianism in every form, and in his paper, in his church, and in his public work did everything in the spirit and to the end of unity among all religious groups. Our present editor, Mr. Holmes, took up the good fight at the close of the Great War and, in his transformation of the Unitarian Church of the Messiah in New York into an all-inclusive Community Church and his part in the founding of the Boston Community Church, led from the beginning as now by our editorial associate, Dr. Skinner, struck hard and straight at the evil of denominationalism. In the whole community church movement in this country, in the recent organization of the Free Church Fellowship, in the United Church of Canada, the trend is manifest. There may be some reason for denominations "in so far as they make necessary provision for individual variation in religious experience"—to quote Mr. Rockefeller, but as a basis of organization and a spirit of life, they are impossible. Unity must henceforth be the watchword!

We wish we were wise enough to pass judgment on the football season which has just now closed. What is the significance of a whole nation, in an age stricken by wars and revolutions and impending disasters of catastrophic proportions, losing its head completely over a sport which is technically dull and ethically brutal? Is this a sign of a collective insanity such as a group of eminent psychologists recently read into the German situation? We thought so when, on the day following the Yale-Dartmouth game (which few persons can now even remember!) we saw the front page of the Boston *Herald* topped by a huge headline which swept clear across the entire width of the page and covered a story which pushed dispatches about the Ethiopian war, the League of Nations crisis, the English elections, American economic and industrial affairs into the inside pages. It would be well if we knew what such madness means. We cannot accept at all the easy doctrine of the Communist that these football games are the circuses organized by big business to distract the multitudes from a consciousness of their ills. No, there are no facts to sustain such a supposition. Furthermore, the phenomenon is too obviously spontaneous to be thus explained. It should be remembered, also, that football is very definitely a middle-class mania—the proletariat know little and care less about it. Of course, it's grand stuff for the newspapers—and this is a large part of the explanation of it all. For the press has blown this silly balloon to its present inane proportions, and the empty-headed multitude at once proceeds to go crazy vicariously. Football, prize-fights, horse-racing, murder and kidnapping—how little they would amount to if the newspaper ballyhoo were eliminated! It may be said that our public press thrives on the lunacies its own sensationalism creates. But then there is the "escape" complex involved in this matter—the increasing demand of distracted people to get away from the worries and despairs of this tragic world. Hence liquor, gambling, women, and football! Yes, we wish we were wise enough to understand the social mazes and mysteries of this age.

The nation-wide celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of MARK TWAIN proves that America is aware of her great men and not forgetful of them. We know of few things which in a distressing time have heartened us so much as this celebrant remembrance of the author of *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn.* There was a time, not so long ago, when it seemed as though this great writer were passing under a cloud. Van Wyck Brooks, in his *The Ordeal of Mark Twain,* led a movement of thought that Mark Twain was a victim of repressions and complexes, and thus a frustrated genius. Later researches have shown that this idea was largely moonshine, with the result that a literary planet of the first magnitude is restored to its native and pristine glory. What we see today is that Mark Twain ranks with Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry David Thoreau, and Walt Whitman as one of the supreme cultural geniuses of our American life. His easy and frequently parochial humor has tended to obscure or distort his essential claims to recognition as a writer of the first order of importance. Strange how we think of humor, though associated with such

names as those of Shakespeare, Cervantes and Rabelais, as something of basic inferiority! What Mark Twain did was to contribute at least three or four books to the world's great treasure of immortal literature. What American can rival him in this gift? But Mark Twain was more than an author—he was a prophet as well. Never a pessimist, least of all a cynic, he despised injustice, cruelty, oppression, especially the ignoble hypocrisies in which these iniquities are so often disguised, and he blasted them with a scorn which swept the social horizon like a blast of lightning. If Mark Twain appeared at times to be bitter, if he indulged himself on occasion in black prophecies of man's future, if he voiced now and then despair and even hate, it was because he had a sense of righteousness which was outraged by the world's spectacle of shame and sham. But his heart was ever touched with pity, and his memory sits in judgment on our times.

An Instance of Goodwill

On a recent visit to Rochester, New York, I was told a story of an event in the life of that remarkably attractive and enlightened city which it seemed to me should be broadcast throughout the nation. It had to do with a civic enterprise of the Jews of Rochester to which Protestants and Catholics, Gentile citizens generally, gave full and heartfelt cooperation. At a time when suspicions and hatreds seem to cloud and clog the very air we breathe, like so much soot, in an age when anti-Semitism has become a phenomenon of world-wide significance and horror, it is like the opening of a door from darkness into light to know what was done in Rochester.

I asked Rabbi Philip S. Bernstein, of Temple Brith-Kodesh, to give me a statement of this event for the readers of UNITY. He has kindly done so, as follows:

"In 1928 the leaders of the Rochester Jewish community decided that the building used to house the Jewish Young Men's and Women's Association was inadequate and antiquated, and had outlived its usefulness. They determined to hold a campaign to secure a million dollars to build an institution adequate for the needs of our Jewish community consisting of nearly thirty thousand people. One man alone, Mr. Simon Stein, pledged approximately three hundred thousand dollars to the new building.

"The campaign was held in February, 1929, and an amount of slightly over a million dollars was raised in pledges, to be paid in a period of four years. Then the depression came in the fall of 1929 and naturally shrank the giving-power of our community, so that in the years since the campaign was held the sum of approximately seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars was secured from a million dollars in pledges. The building was erected under some indebtedness because of the shrinkage of the amount, but it was not furnished or equipped. The leaders of the Jewish community agreed that the building should not be opened for use until it could be presented to the city free of debt.

"It was felt this past Summer that the time had come for conducting a campaign to raise the sum of two hundred thousand dollars necessary to furnish and equip the institution and to pay off whatever indebtedness had been incurred. At that point, leaders in the Gentile community volunteered to assist the Jews in this undertaking. They said, 'You Jews have never before come to the community for assistance with your institutions, and you have given most generously to all the other agencies in the community. Let us help you to meet this problem.' A campaign organization was perfected, the Chairman of which was a Protestant, Raymond Ball, a banker; Vice-Chairman, a Jew, Sol Heumann, a clothing manufacturer; and Treasurer, a Catholic, Emmet Finucane. Fully three-quarters of the workers in the campaign were Gentiles. There was one team consisting exclusively of Protestant ministers with the exception of Rabbi Bernstein. There were several Catholic teams that included priests who were among the most successful solicitors. The spirit throughout the entire campaign was more than friendly. There was something peculiarly American in the highest sense about it. Out of respect to the orthodox Jews in the community, kosher meals were served during the campaign. They were eaten with particular relish by the Gentile campaigners and were the subject of considerable good-natured banter.

"The campaign was completely successful financially. A sum close to two hundred and twenty thousand dollars was pledged, to be paid by January first. This is the first large successful capital expenditure campaign held in Rochester since the beginning of the depression. It is noteworthy on that side, but more important in the display of the spirit of friendship, cooperation, and good will which bodes well for the future of inter-group relationships in America."

UNITY would celebrate this event, not only in the name of our beloved America, of which men and women of various races, religions and nationalities are together citizens, but also in the spirit of our different faiths which are yet one in their recognition of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. So long as this kind of fellowship is possible, we shall refuse to despair of humanity. In spite of all the terrors that beset our world, we believe that the time is not far distant when, in the words of the noble Jewish prayer, all men may "recognize that they are brethren, so that, one in spirit and one in fellowship, they may be forever united before Thee."

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Jottings

Here is a prophecy! If President Roosevelt gets rid of "Jim" Farley, he will be re-elected in 1936; if he retains Farley in any office, he will be defeated. We believe, in other words, that the public loathing for this political creature is just the thing which will turn the election one way or the other.

When Britain bombs native tribes on the frontiers of India, what is she doing other or better in essence than what Italy is doing in Abyssinia?

We often wonder what a man thinks about. Aguinaldo, for example, on the day (November 14th) when the Philippines became independent!

Joseph H. Choate, Jr., Federal Liquor Administrator, says that Americans aren't drinking enough. If each and every citizen would only consume four glasses of wine a week, we would be going a long way toward solving the unemployment problem. But there are easier ways than that, Mr. Choate! Why not kill off the unemployed? Or, better still, have a good big war? Why stop at half remedies?

Britain has brought native troops from India, we are told, to help the Abyssinians. We commend to Britain a certain Biblical passage—*Luke* 4:23.

Armamentality

He said, "This beer's undrinkable,"
And filled his mug—the king of boozers.
"Another war's unthinkable,"
The statesman said, and ordered cruisers.
—*Tomorrow,* Christchurch, N. Z.

J. H. H.

A New Middle Ages?

Sometimes, when we are very much worried about the outcome of some matter in which we are very much concerned, it helps us to ask the question, "Well, after all, what of it?" It is surprising how often we are reduced to the answer, "Nothing." The matter of concern may be our jobs. What if we lose them? "Well, after all, what of it?" There *are* other jobs—men and women *do* find them; and it may even be a good thing to lose one's job. One may get a better one. Again, the matter of concern may be our health. What if we should fall sick? "Well, after all, what of it?" It may do us a lot of good to be sick. We may get that rest we need. We may have a chance to think things over that we have never had time to think over before. We may not only give our bodies a chance to make themselves over and get rid of a great deal of accumulated toxins; we may also give our minds a chance to make themselves over and get rid of a great many thoughts that have been poisoning them for some time. And so, in the same way, many of the possibilities which we view with apprehension may be found, on inspection, to contain their portion of compensation. One of these possibilities which has given many people much concern is the possibility of the coming of a new Middle Ages.

Some time ago—probably in the Era of the Worship of the Golden Calf, out of which we have just emerged, disillusioned—the poetess Angela Morgan penned a "Hymn to Work":

Work!
Thank God for the pace of it,
For the terrible, keen, swift race of it—
Fiery steeds in full control,
Nostril a-quiver to reach the goal.

Work—the power that drives behind,
Guiding the purpose, training the mind,
Holding the runaway wishes back,
Reining the will to one steady track,
Speeding the energies, faster and faster,
Triumphing over disaster! . . .

Work!
Thank God for the swing of it,
For the clamoring, hammering ring of it,
Passion of labor, daily hurled
On the mighty anvils of the world.
Oh, what is so fierce as the flame of it—
What is so huge as the aim of it?
Calling the plan of the Maker out.

Work, the Titan; Work, the friend,
Shaping the earth to a glorious end;
Draining the swamps and blasting the hills,
Doing whatever the spirit wills—
To answer the dream in the Master's heart.—
Thank God for a world where none may shirk,
Thank God for the splendor of work.

It is obvious that this poem was not written within the last five years. In five short years, this poem has become a wry jest. In its place we read with more sympathy the poem of Grace Noll Crowell on "Labor":

Surely there still is labor for man's hands;
Surely the heart shall not be thus bereaved
Of its fine dignity. The untilled lands
Await him, there are forests yet uncleaved.
And the dark caverns hold within their dim,
Vast aisles their stores for him.

And yet today there go the wistful-eyed;
The beaten ones down every lane and street,
Begging for that which they have been denied;
Dragging their helpless way on leaden feet;
Haunted by clutching hands and hunger cries;
A fear within their eyes.

God, bring us through the labyrinth that men
Have made through blindness—guide us through it, Lord!
Give back to hearts the joy of work again—
The joy of service with its sure reward.
Have pity, and forgive our crass mistakes
Before the heart of mankind breaks.

That there is a lack of labor for men's hands would seem to be indicated by the upwards of 30,000,000 on relief in the United States of America. The exact number of these who are actually unemployed, no one can tell. Placing the figures as low as 10,000,000 unemployed does not help out much. Ten million unem-

ployed men and women represent no end of heart-break and misery. How has this situation come about? One explanation is this: over a period of several hundred years, men became increasingly dependent on industrial employment. While industry was building its system, the standards of living, at least superficially, were being raised, so that men working in industrial centers were making better livings than they would if they had remained tillers of the soil and keepers of flocks.

As time went on, however, the system began to contradict itself. New machines were invented which did the labor of many men. These men were put out of employment. The profits on the new inventions were kept by those who exploited them. The workman did not share in the fruit of invention. As long as business was building up, the men thus put out of employment could find work elsewhere; but, in time, so many machines had displaced so many men that there soon developed an increasingly large number of unemployed. Since the profits of the companies were not shared with the workers, since fewer and fewer workers were being re-employed; and since the rest were not having employment anyway, the markets for the sale of the goods produced were starved off. Markets diminished as fast as the number of unemployed increased.

One remedy proposed to correct this situation seems to be this: re-employ the unemployed. Give all the men shorter hours, and pay the men at least the same salaries out of the profit differential. A recent survey, made by a government-appointed commission, reported that there were wealth-producing potentialities in this country sufficient to afford every family of five an annual income amounting to something like $4,000.00. Yet, we have between ten and twenty-four million unemployed; pay for hogs that are not raised, although many go hungry; pay for cotton that is ploughed under, although many go in rags; and pay for not raising wheat that is badly needed. Private industry, however, will never give up its profit-motive. It knows no other. There seem to be four possibilities ahead of us.

1. To continue under the same American democratic mode as we think we now have. But how long can the government continue to dole the unemployment without going bankrupt? How long will the unemployed accept their present status?

2. Socialism. This means taking the profit motive out of private industry by taxing away the profits, taxing down unnecessarily large incomes, government ownership of important utilities, and really operating the government for the people at large. Government, after all, is by the few and for the few who have the power to dictate. But the Socialist has great faith in the American mind and the Australian ballot. He believes that Americans can be educated to see what is for the country's good, and that Americans will legislate these social ideals into being. Every one today is a Socialist to some extent, and indeed cannot help being.

3. Fascism. This means strong-arm government by the upper classes, the capitalists, the bankers, and the industrialists. It means the seizing of power and the frank establishment of a dictatorship for the few.

4. Communism. This is quite the same thing, in so far as method is concerned, but it means seizing the power, not for government by the few and for the few, but government, perhaps, *by* the many, certainly *for* the many. It is Socialism minus faith in the American mind and in the Australian ballot, and with the realism of Fascism. It might be called realistic Socialism, or practical Socialism.

It seems to me that, of these four possibilities, the United States of America will find the Fascist collar about its neck; in fact, that the collar is there now, though we may not yet feel the rub. We cannot go on as we always have, because a change is needed; but the parties in whose midst the changes must be effected will not yield to the necessity. Americans are not mentally emancipated enough to see the principles underlying Socialism, and have not yet learned how to co-operate with one another sufficiently to work for common ends under a collectivist principle. As for Communism, the Press has so distorted it, and our impression of it has been made so distasteful by the extremes of some of its exponents, that the American mind cannot overcome its prejudices and forget its American individualism long enough to study it. The remaining possibility is Fascism, and we have many indications of its presence. Fascism and Communism are the two inevitable extremes to which a nation may be driven under stress of circumstances. They are alternates; and the one fights the other for first place.

Roger Babson says that among the disillusioned multitudes of the workers, Communists are finding more and more welcome listeners to their ideals of God's wonderland being for God's children, and of the wealth of the soil and the product of the machine belonging to its creators. The government is well aware of this and recognizes that there is danger to the continuance of the present scheme of things in allowing masses of unemployed to gather in centers of depression and inactivity. There have accordingly developed various experimental projects which are sometimes termed "subsistence farms."

In an article in the April *Harper's,* we are told of some of these experiments. It is called "Planning for Permanent Poverty." The subsistence farms are to be instituted by the government in regions where a group of unemployed families may be settled in a community. The members of this community are to be expected to earn part of their living from dairying and farming. The rest of their living is to be got from working in a factory in the community. In connection with each community, the government will extend favorable privileges to manufacturers to induce them to settle in a factory building erected by the government for that purpose. The total cost of the subsistence farms—land, houses, live-stock, seed, and the factory building—will be charged up to the settlers on the farms. One stipulation is that they be forty years of age or older. They will be given about thirty years in which to pay off their holdings, and must make payments monthly. If they are "co-operative," and can keep up their payments to the government, by the time they are ready to die—at about the age of seventy—they will own their own homes and will have paid off the cost of building the factory buildings in which they earned part of their living.

This is the only way the government seems to think that the unemployed can be taken care of other than by direct dole and temporary public works projects; and the government is quietly going ahead with these subsistence farms projects, not only to attempt to do its duty to the unemployed, but, as well,

to remove the possible revolutionary citizens from the centers of unrest into which they gravitate. It is to be noted that, for these people—if the project becomes a practicable thing on a large scale—the old American tradition of rugged individualism, of freedom to aspire to the heights—all that has been the glory of the American civilization, will be gone; for, in inaugurating these subsistence farms, our government is recognizing the necessity of "planning for *permanent* poverty." "Chattel slavery," say the authors of the article in *Harpers,* "was abolished by the Federal government in 1863. In 1935 the Federal Government has established what is in effect a state of serfdom." And with the establishment of what is in effect a state of serfdom, we are at the threshold of a new Middle Ages, with its "subsistence level" of life, with its autocratic control over the goings and comings of its serfs bound down to the land, with its perpetual being in debt today for the food consumed the day before. That such a state of affairs may be prevalent is one of the first possibilities which would effect our entry into a new Middle Ages. A second possibility grows out of this first.

The American unemployed and stranded people, say the authors of the *Harpers* article to which I have referred, know of better things. They have been taught to look up—to honor riches and to believe that every man has a chance. Millions must be disillusioned and made content with subsistence as a future. This is a difficult task. These subsistence workers know that the United States has an agricultural and industrial plant second to none. They know intimately that the capacity of this national plant is almost unlimited. Their present plight measures the failure of the captains of industry to provide security or plenty for the workers. Given workers' control, they know it could supply plenty for all. Isolated as they may be by debt, their memories will leap across their present poverty to the world outside.

And then the authors say:

> In the end the radio, the press, and their own grapevine will make these serfs realize the fratricidal function of the constant, inexorable competition of the homestead system, that *pulls down wages of the workers in the world outside to the level of their own subsistence serfdom.* In spite of the alchemists of the present Administration who attempt the transmutation of discontent, these pioneers of permanent poverty are beginning to think. Disillusionment will crystallize their discontent and give whatever powers that be their nightmares of revolt.

Should these nightmares of revolt ever become realities, there is no telling what may happen.

A military man told me, last summer, that the Army had no fear of outside enemies, but feared the workers. The Army feared millions of citizens of its own kith and kin; and it was preparing itself to cope with them should they give violent expression to their unrest. Roger Babson, again, after a trip through the country, reported recently:

> Frankly, I am very much disturbed by the socialistic sentiments found almost everywhere. Radicalism is more apparent on the Pacific Coast, but it exists and is growing everywhere. Bankers, manufacturers, and merchants, who associate only with their own class, have no idea of what the masses are thinking. Every afternoon I left my Pullman drawing-room and spent three hours talking with the day coach passengers. There is where you find out what the people think of our capitalistic system. The fact is that they are fast losing faith in it.

He adds also that if the present selfishness among interested capitalistic groups continues, "either chaos or fascism is inevitable." Should revolution rear its bloody head in our midst, and civil war be fought once again in this great and beautiful country, the struggle would be so titanic that we should certainly enter a Middle Ages of our own. Many people who believe in the Communist method theoretically, viewing the possible results of such a struggle for power, draw back in fear and believe the price in death and destruction would be too great to pay. This is a second possibility of a new Middle Ages—the aftermath of Revolution; and it is not entirely remote.

A third possibility for a new Middle Ages is made more and more probable with each day's events in Europe. Frank B. Kellogg, former Secretary of State, notes that

> Apparently the same old alliances are building up again in Europe. Their ultimate outcome will be the same as before. I never knew in the history of the world a time when a military alliance kept the peace. They have enlarged the theatre of destruction more than any one thing. That idea is worn out. It never produced peace.

Should the European powers, or the Russian or Japanese powers, break out into war, it is almost certain that American munition-makers would lobby and war-scare America into participating in the conflict. "All over the world, except in the United States," said Senator Norris of Nebraska recently, "the same feeling that we saw just before the World War prevails. *People are going crazy, wild.*" It all seems to depend on whether we ourselves can keep out of the wars of other nations. Here then is the third possibility; that the European nations may burst into flame like a fire-touched dirigible, the civilizations which have there been built up going down to earth with a thud of metal and an odor of poison gas; and if this country be also drawn into it, ours too will be laid desolate; for, with space annihilated by airplanes and rockets, with war now a matter of population-areas rather than cavalry skirmishes and infantry encounters, each nation can actually obliterate the other simultaneously and both can go down in ruin. As in "Hamlet," all the major characters may succeed in destroying one another before the final fall of the curtain. And thus a new Middle Ages may come upon a wearied and broken world like the descent of welcome night, to shroud in darkness and peace a scene of horror.

We have considered some of the possibilities of the coming of a new Middle Ages upon us. It is not for the sake of scaring ourselves that we do this, but for the sake of facing the possibility before it has come upon us; so that, should it come, it will not find us unprepared, and so that, should it not come, we may derive from it the spiritual benefit of the vicarious experience. We might ask ourselves, now, that same question we put to ourselves when we feared we might fall ill, or might lose our jobs, or might lose anything that we little wished to lose: "Well, *what of it?*" What if a new Middle Ages does come upon us? What have we to lose?

Possibly we shall lose the great technological benefits of our civilization; but what do they add to the enjoyment of life after all? Men did not always have porcelain-covered bathtubs—and not so many seem to have them now. Men did not always have airplanes—but then they did not fear attacks from the air. Men did not always have telephones—but then they did not have apoplectic fits trying to get the service of an operator.

Perhaps we pay too dearly for the mad pace of modern living and are not happy after all. Per-

haps the very benefits of modern civilization take as their price the simpler, the spiritual attainments which alone can give us peace and in which alone we can find our real happiness. The great religious geniuses of the ages were hardly any the worse off for living in their day. Think of a few of them—St. Francis, Dante, Confucius, Zoroaster, Mohammed, Plato, St. Augustine, Tolstoy, Luther—why, even Jesus lived some 2,000 years ago! Perhaps life has been getting too complicated for us. The price we pay for our luxuries—the present necessities of life—may be greater even than the pleasures they are supposed to afford us. And the strain may be too great. Whatever else a new Middle Ages might do, it would relieve that strain. It would make life simpler. It would cut the Gordian Knot that ties us to the material marvels of present-day living and would release us so that we are freed again to cultivate once more the spiritual life.

The Middle Ages may have known a blood-stained soil; but out of that soil grew the flowers of St. Francis, of Dante, of reverence for the mother who bore Jesus, of the brotherhood of trade guilds, of the religious life of the monasteries, of a new and beautiful learning, of a code of chivalry that we must admire even today. A new Middle Ages may provide for us a new soil of life, in which we too may be free to begin to grow the flowers of a fresh and intimate religious life with God.

SHELDON CHRISTIAN.

Women—and Public Affairs

Lately I have been much concerned by the threatened loss of democracy in my country and the substitution of some other form of government. This has already been done, so I hear from those opposed to the New Deal. If such is the case, or if there is danger of such being the case, it seems high time that we were waking up to the fact. What the world needs most today is leadership, so we are told, but whenever a man shows signs of being a leader he is set upon by other would-be leaders as well as by those followers by nature, crying him down as a mountebank seeking to make himself a dictator. It is a comforting thought that we at least are determined to choose our own dictators and have such a diversity of opinion as to the fitness of the aspiring ones. This fact renews my hope that democracy is not dead yet, for when there is such a general bawling out of candidates for the dictatorship, I feel that we have still retained that essential of democracy—the conviction of every citizen that he is capable of choosing his own dictator and even capable of serving as such himself should the opportunity arise. Yes, I believe there is still some life in our democracy, though it does seem to resemble the dog that young Dr. Cornish brought back to life, wobbly on its legs and not just as alert mentally as it should be.

Well I remember how, when the battle for woman suffrage was being waged, we heard it declared, and hoped it was true, that when women became a recognized part of the body politic, then would dawn a brighter and a better day. I need not call attention to the fact that this hope is yet to be fulfilled and that women seem just as weak, as foolish and as susceptible to bribery and other temptations as they were before they became voters and office-holders. And they seem just as trivial-minded as before. This fact was brought home to me recently by reading what Anna Steese Richardson is reported to have said following the convention of the New York State Federation of Women's Clubs:

> It's the same old stuff we have had for thirty years. The same old blah, blah, blah all over again. It makes me wild. We are headed inevitably for Fascism, and yet the club women go on with the same old stuff and the average woman in the American home cares no more about the way in which her city, state, and Federal government are run than her husband.

Years ago, before women became voters, a newspaper woman, looking over the program of a woman's club, saw listed as one of the subjects for discussion the Bank of England, the program to include its history, the purpose of its organization, and its general plan for managing finances. The newspaper woman declared the subject a ridiculous one for a woman's club and far beyond the comprehension of the feminine mind. I believe the average woman is still in accord with this view. But foremost among the questions which must be settled, if civilization is to survive, is the financial one, tied up as it is with the industrial, the economic and the sociological ones, the seesaw of capital and labor, the distribution of products both at home and abroad, and the ever-present subject of taxation. There have been two banking bills before Congress in this session, I believe. How many women, or how many men for that matter, have known anything about these bills, or are concerned about them? We all know, or think we know, that the banking question is a hard and intricate one and beyond the reach of the average mind, but we all feel the effects of the breakdown of our money system and for this situation I know of no other solution than the application of our minds. As surely as eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, just so surely is thinking the price of our democracy.

If women have but the brains of rabbits, we cannot ask that their organizations cease to content themselves with glittering generalities and with entertainments adapted to the minds of children. But if they are capable of understanding more difficult and important matters, it is now up to them to apply themselves to these matters, to leave behind them trivialities and to apply their intellects to the questions of Prohibition and temperance, profits and wages, the limitation of income, the elimination of war, the care and cure of the physically, mentally and morally unfit, and the question of race prejudice which is eating like a cancer at the heart of our nation.

When I first began to report the doings of the women's clubs many years ago, I was told that two subjects were barred from discussion at all club meetings—woman suffrage and religion. The first is now a closed subject, but the latter I believe is still taboo. No subject is ever settled by being afraid to tackle it. There was once in old Athens an ugly, pug-nosed man who could overcome all antagonists in an argument. He was a philosopher among a pest of sophists. He contradicted no one, and called no one unpleasant names. He only asked questions, and kept on asking them until his antagonist was all tangled up and arguing on the side of Socrates. This method has never been surpassed and might well be recommended to most of the would-be enlighteners of the public on political questions today.

Shall we women be content to employ our minds

in working out an intricate pattern for a knitted dress, in piecing quilts or pulling rugs, trying to outdo our neighbors in setting an attractive table, or in trying to be the best-dressed woman in our set? Shall we be content to have most of our conversation turn on the merits of this or that beauty parlor and what a care our hair is? Shall we not rather be concerned with the question as to whether the CCC camps are under military control, whether they are doing the best work of the New Deal in saving thousands of young men from the degenerating effects of enforced idleness, or are destroying our forests? Ought we not to show some concern about the present crisis in our educational system, the control of war profits, the limitation of wealth, old-age pensions, the soldiers' bonus, or the relief program?

I remember once hearing a social service worker, who had married and become the mother of two children, speak before her college club and contend that it was the duty of society to make it possible for the educated woman to employ her time and her training at better work than filling the baby's bottle and all the other tasks that could be done just as well by the unlettered female. Perhaps there is an art even in filling the baby's bottle; certainly there is science in it if it is done properly. And in all accomplishment there is much of dull routine. But it still remains true that what we do over and above the daily routine makes our lives valuable both to ourselves and to others. Even the most lowly life cannot endure without the use of brains to protect itself. Man must think or perish.

There is worth and even romance in the details of life if the spirit is there, but the routine tends to drive out the spirit. Homer put romance into the story of Nausicaa, daughter of King Alcinous, when she went with her maidens to the seashore to wash the garments she had made for her wedding, and there met the hero, Ulysses. I can hardly believe, with the late Samuel Butler, that the Odyssey was written by a woman, for any woman would have known that they would have been too tired to engage in a game of ball when they had finished washing the garments and spreading them on the beach to dry. But still they did not have the job of hanging up the clothes to dry on a line, and that fact made the work much easier, for to me the worst part of wash-day is hanging out the clothes. Especially is this task a drudgery if one cannot forget her early training and the constant reminder to put her best foot forward in everything, even to hanging out the clothes. This includes not only the best way to dry the clothes, but especially hanging them so they will present the best appearance possible toward the neighbors and the passersby. The sheets must be hung straight, the newest and whitest ones nearest the neighbors' premises. Pillow-cases and all double garments must be shaken out so that the air can get inside and billow them, that they do not stick together. Hang towels over the line just far enough that they will not sag in the middle, the same rule to be observed for handkerchiefs and napkins, all of which —seemingly thousands—must be hung singly and not in bunches, that they may get the full benefit of the sun.

To one struggling with this task it does not seem a simple but an intricate one, taking a dogged determination—known to the educated as infinite patience—and a mental discipline only to be acquired by the study of higher mathematics. Especially is this true if there is a strong breeze sweeping everything out of place like the winds of doctrine. Then, no sooner do you get a few garments up and survey the results than you realize to how much better advantage they might have been hung, considering the vantage ground of the neighboring critics. So the true artist must take them all down and hang them up again, taking the utmost care lest they brush against a dirty fence or pole in the process. Then there are the rents and holes and threadbare places to be so turned that they will not be visible except to the nibby neighbor who should have the effrontery to come into the yard.

Getting the clothes on the line before noon one day; I afterward exchanged my working garb for something more festive and sallied forth to a club meeting. There I heard an earnest and eloquent woman tell her sister women it was up to them to abolish the curse of war from the face of the earth and thus save the remnant of civilization left us. I came home filled with responsibility and a desire to devise ways and means by which I might do my part in banishing greed, envy, revenge and the lust for their brother's blood from the hearts of men. But when I found it had rained during the meeting, and that my clothes which I had hung out in the bright sunshine were now spotted with soot, I forgot everything but my grief over this major catastrophe. By evening, however, I had chirked up and went to the W. C. T. U. meeting. Here I heard the women read the Bible, sing, pray and say what a shame it was how the girls smoked cigarets these days. Then I heard a well-meaning man shirker tell these few elderly women it was up to them to rid the world of the curse of drunkenness. Later that same evening I read the report of Father Coughlin's talk on the sins of the big bankers—how they created credits out of nothing but their imaginations and received interest on money thus created. I read his denunciation of a supine Congress which had abrogated the power and duty given it by the Constitution of creating money and fixing the value thereof. I determined to write to my own representative in Congress and find out why they had done so, and especially to find out if they knew a bit more about the subject than I did. That night I lay awake a long time pondering these things, and, when finally I fell asleep, my last thought was a prayer that I might be given in my dreams some inspiration for tackling them. I did dream, but not of bankers, drunkards or war.

In my dreams I was again hanging out the clothes to dry, and, whenever I put up a ragged towel or a yellowed pillow-case, there passed by a procession of high-born dames who surveyed these badges of neglect and poverty with glances of disgust. In vain I hurried from one part of the yard to another, taking down and hanging up again in what I hoped would be a less conspicuous place. But wherever I went my tormentors followed me, while the neighbors either leered behind their shutters or came out boldly to witness my discomfiture. At last, worn out in body and mind, I came to believe that hanging out these clothes was the most important thing in all the world. Tormented by a demoniacal towel or wash-rag, I struggled on through plowed fields, tumble-down buildings, over ricketty fences whose rusty nails tore my clothing and my flesh, and I squeezed through dark and damp and foul crevasses where I could scarcely breathe. I had no thought of reforming the world or even of saving democracy. Let men cheat and enslave their fellowmen, let civilization commit hari kari, and let the

munition makers complete the ruin of mankind! Nothing mattered to me except one thing—to hang out my clothes so as to make a good showing before the world.

Afterward it seemed to me this dream might serve as a symbol of the ways of women, and of men also, obsessed by the things which should have been relegated long ago to our subconscious minds and be done automatically, leaving our minds free for more important concerns. The question of values is ever with us, of better or worse, but instead of choosing the better part we are still cumbered by the worse.

The other day at a Parent-Teachers conference I met a woman who, in discussing the uneasy and disastrous state of the world today, declared her conviction that matters would never be any better till we all devoted ourselves to prayer. I have heard this statement many times during the depression and the plague of calamities which seem to have overtaken us. But I do not believe prayers will save us; faith without works is dead. That pure and child-minded English poet to whom was ever present the problem of good and evil, who wondered if He who made the lamb also made the tiger, was not so simple-minded as to believe that the intellect can be ignored in solving our problems. And so he wrote thus:

And did those feet in ancient times
Walk upon England's mountain green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
In England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the contenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark, satanic mills?
Bring me my harp of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear, O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight,
Not shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till I have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

MAY STRANATHAN.

The Social Sciences and the Colleges

Surely the acme of academic gaiety is reached when an eminent university professor of psychology hails two sharpers into court in the attempt to recover $22,000, out of which they have fleeced him in oil land leases. The gold-brick artist of a generation ago was a novice and a "piker" compared with these gentry of the oil leases. The former preyed upon guileless preachers and country schoolma'ams, but these smooth gentlemen walk into the study of one of the most highly reputed psychologists in the academic world, author of widely used textbooks in psychology, head of a great university department, and employ such seductive reasoning that they successfully separate him from $12,000 during a brief morning visit, come back in the afternoon and extract $10,000 more This is academic psychology as she is taught and practiced!

The incident raises several interesting questions. Not the least interesting of these is, "Where did this college professor get all that money?" Salaries must be looking up, in spite of the depression. But, no, it was probably royalties on those learned volumes in which the professor analyzes the operations of the human mind and warns against its vagaries and duplicities. The supposition of the rich uncle is not admissible, for this particular college professor is so advanced in years, and in their enriching wisdom and honors, that no relative of a preceding generation could have survived to be dazzled by the seductions which so readily brought him 'round. A rich nephew would be a more rational conjecture, were it not so certain that a nephew sagacious enough to have acquired riches would by the process have acquired something else which would have made him impervious to charms so delightfully academic.

All such speculations may be waived, however, in face of the amazing demonstration of academic science. This is the kind of psychology practiced, if not taught, in our seats of higher learning. As in psychology, so in sociology and economics—how are these vital social sciences being presented to the oncoming generations?

In the fields of the physical sciences massive laboratories are being erected. The student is seated before instruments of the greatest precision and charged to test every theory, however time-honored and fundamental. He is permitted to take nothing for granted. He joins fact to demonstrated fact and puts together his system of truth in these fields only after each factor and each relationship of factors have been tested again and again for their validity.

But in the fields of the social sciences? Scores of colleges and universities present in their own community life incomparable laboratories for the study and testing of social ideas and programs. In not one of them is the laboratory being employed for laboratory purposes. Every classroom in the social sciences drips with theory and offers nothing else. Among orthodox sociologists there is an invulnerable prejudice against the practical; any member of the guild who strays into social service or dabbles in any of the realities of today's social experience is snubbed, if not cast out by the fraternity. Laymen who have exhausted their powers of speech in paying their respects to the brain-trusters in Washington and in other seats of government may freshen up their vocabulary of vituperation by listening to opinions about these renegade university professors, as expressed by orthodox colleagues who have remained loyal to the academic tradition and have scorned to desert the cloister for the arena where social problems are matters of food and clothing, wealth or poverty, life or death.

And countless laymen, disgusted and alarmed by the impracticalities and muddling of these academic brain-trusters who have dared to invade the larger laboratories of human affairs, are more and more inclined to agree with the cloistered orthodox: yes, the proper place for the social scientist is in the classroom behind his desk. Let him content himself with exploiting innocuous theories of social relationships and not meddle with the realities of actual social experience. Long ago these same laymen, disillusioned by vociferations from pulpit-pounding preachers relative to affairs of which they had no practical and assured knowledge, concluded that the "pure gospel" alone has

proper place in the pulpit. They now conclude, under drive of the same logic, that "pure science" is the proper pabulum of the academic classroom. Thus, with our social scientists already snug and contented in their cloisters, and disillusioned laymen converted to leaving them there, the oncoming generations of social and economic leaders are left to their own unguided devices in working out the practical principles and methods by which a human society is to be informed.

In the meantime the social laboratory presented by the college community waits. Many of these communities are almost as self-contained and detached from their social surroundings as if they were in a remote and different locality, except for their parasitic economic dependence upon the community at large. Economically speaking, they are all parasites. No training in the fundamentals of finance is possible in any of them. The ordinary tests by which expenditure is balanced against income cannot be applied. The item of income is determined largely by what can be extracted from the community at large by vague and various appeals to the popular magnanimity. How far the college returns to the community a *quid pro quo* for values committed to it can be determined by no tests valid in the field of economics. The student is encouraged to believe that eventually he will be worth to the community what he costs, and attempt is occasionally made to quicken his conscience and spur him to fidelity in his assigned tasks by pressing this consideration, but all is so vague and intangible as to leave the organization of the college community worthy of no respect from the economic point of view.

This is not for a moment to suggest that college finances are administered dishonestly, or "inefficiently." It is only to call attention to the fact that, in an economic society such as our American commonwealth, the college community is an exotic in which there is no possibility of practical training for the student to function at the point where the society into which he is to emerge is most exacting. He is either devoid of practical training in this field, or else what he has learned is wrong and misleading.

This is true not alone when the college community is appraised as a whole in its economic setting, but is even more strikingly true when its economic operations are appraised in detail and in their detached relationships. A crass and arbitrary individualism dominates the financial program, in which there is no social rhyme or reason. The economic status of the individual students has not the remotest relationship to his contribution to his community. In most institutions that status depends entirely upon accidental considerations emanating from forces and conditions quite unrelated to that particular community. In those institutions where conscious effort is made to organize the work of those who must shift under their own devices for subsistence, the type of organization maintained is not worthy of the ingenuity of a primitive tribe or of a raw frontier settlement. The problems involved are distasteful to all concerned, are evaded so far as possible, and when forced upon official consideration are imposed as an extra upon some long-suffering faculty committee, or are turned over to routine underlings who would amaze even themselves if they should discover any economic genius in the discharge of their duties.

Such economic theory as the students get in the classrooms is so plainly theory that in few institutions is it taken seriously even for guidance in the life which the student is to lead after leaving college; of course it has no organic relation to the economic program expressed in the institution itself. No department of economics in a college or university is put in charge of the economic interests of the college or university community. The administration never thinks of such a shift, and the instructors in the economics department would be too bewildered by their responsibilities to function effectively in any capacity, if the shift were attempted.

In social organization the showing is no better. The social system officially maintained in most or all of our college and university communities would not be tolerated by a frontier settlement; it could not survive. The program is such a mixture of autocracy, laissez-faire neglect and nagging espionage as to be incapable of classification under any social principle. What redeems it from banality as a training for life in a democratic society is the largely unguided initiative of the students themselves in extra-curricular activities. These activities have been accurately designated as extra-curricular; they are not initially a feature of the official system and are brought under official supervision, as a rule, only when excesses force official interference either by way of suppression outright, or of regulation and restriction.

Yet these are just the features of the community regimen which the average student finds in after-life have made the deepest impression upon him and which insure him the most valuable training for the social functioning later demanded of him. The relations of faculty and student, officially considered, are altogether unclassifiable and are often ludicrously crude from the social point of view. They have been robbed of the stilted dignity which the pedagogue of the old school affected, but have retained enough of his aloofness to vitiate any more rational and democratic relationship which might have sprung up. Such effort as is made to put consistency and social efficiency into the relationship is a purely personal matter with the instructor and the student, such ingenuity as either exhibits being inhibited rather than facilitated by his official status.

The group is the determinative unit of society. What the college student learns of its genius, the laws of its being and activities, and of skill in its use or direction, is a matter of accident, or is an achievement of his almost wholly unguided initiative. He does learn team-play on the athletic field. The college athletic program in its origin, and largely throughout its development, is extra-curricular. Its early official recognition was by way of suppression of what were conceived to be its excesses or in regulation of its misdirections. Only recently, and for the most part grudgingly and negatively, is it given official sanction. Clubs and various social organizations with which many college programs are now loaded down are, again, for the most part, extra-curricular. The whole system which they embody enjoys a Topsy-like existence,

flourishing by no grace of inspiration or direction from the institution's sociology department.

Sociology as a college science is as completely divorced from the social organism in which the student is actually immersed as is his college science of economics detached from his economic experience. If anything, the academic sociologist is even more securely cloistered away from immediate social contacts than is the academic economist from his field. The academic snub is more inexorably meted out to the scientist who attempts to carry classroom theories into campus practice. Indeed, it is heresy enough to attempt their application in the community at large. Instructors who organize excursions to neighboring industrial centers to study slum conditions or factory methods, ordinarily, do not even explore the social fabric in which the members of their classes are every day woven in their campus life.

The superficial groupings of the classroom are merely a convenience of the instructor; the essential individualism of the system is not altered by the fact that ten or thirty students chance to be enticed or driven into the same classroom at the same time. They are not there as a group, engaged in a group enterprise, learning how to function as a group. All the tests are individual. Each, for the most part, is occupied with tasks in duplicate of the tasks of his associates. Each is graded as an individual. Each succeeds or fails as an individual. No sense of group responsibility is cultivated by the official system. The very contrary effect is general, if not universal. The student works in a highly competitive atmosphere. The markings recorded in the instructor's grade book are essentially competitive ratings, if they have any social significance whatever.

Hence motivations naturally cultivated by the college system are a highly sublimated form of the impulse which is now becoming universally recognized as destructive in the community at large. Men and women who issue from colleges having the most compact, self-contained campus life are notoriously inept where the demand is for leadership out of the slough in which an irresponsible industrial and financial system has landed the American community. Many of these institutions are denominational colleges, or retain the traditions of their origin in religious inspiration. Graduates of these institutions do not shine as socially sensitive entrepreneurs; indeed some of the most socially malignant enterprises in industry and finance have been instigated and promoted by these graduates.

For the most part, however, graduates of these institutions enter vocations only remotely related to the community's political, economic or industrial life. And, wherever they go, they inevitably carry the type of motivation in which they have been drilled. Morality and social responsibility, and all the essentials of a successful life are, for them, highly individualized. It is their leadership which is retarding or hopelessly inhibiting the socialization of the church and of religion as expressed in the church. Campus religion is rarely or never consciously employed as a socializing force. It is rather injected as a corrective of social tendencies which are officially conceived as evil or destructive. Religion does get official recognition and promotion in institutions where religion of the conventional church type is in evidence at all. It is almost never conceived as a social force; it is rather the individual's resort by way of withstanding the seductions of his social surroundings. It is used to strengthen the individual in his resistance to temptations forced upon him by the group.

It would be difficult to construct a more topsy-turvy moral world than that in which the student of the conventional American college is thrust. As a laboratory in which his daily experiences may be conceived as preparation for the social responsibilities which American society today imposes upon its members, not to speak of its leaders, the college is not merely a cipher; it is a minus quantity. The officially inspired experience of college life is a detriment, so far as its social effects are concerned. Under the drive of his native initiative, and often against official resistance, the student has developed certain wholesome social features, but these are qualified, where they are not nullified, by an official stamp which in the light of the needs of American adult life today can scarcely be labeled as other than anti-social.

Under persistent lay pressure, American educational curricula have been redeemed from some of their former theoretical and academic banality. The textbooks put into student hands do now generally deal with facts and forces to be encountered in adult experience. Is it not time for lay pressure to extend to the elements and essences of the life into which the student is thrust on the college campus? The fight or the laboratory method in the physical sciences has been won. Is it not immeasurably more important to press the fight for reality in the field of the social sciences, until colleges shall employ for constructive educational purposes the incomparable social laboratory which the college community itself supplies?

JOSEPH ERNEST MCAFEE.

ASK NOT FOR FREEDOM

Ask not for freedom if you fear to weep,
Or dream of peace if terror makes you start.
No guardian angel sings upon the deep
Or leans from heaven to the humble heart.
The lion and the lamb no friendship keep,
One flees forever through the noonday shade;
The rabbit in the moonlight does not sleep
Careless of owls, of foxes unafraid.
Who asks for love will die upon the cross,
Who asks for peace will perish with his breath;
No festival will celebrate his loss,
No nation weep in sorrow for his death—
But where he lies is holy. There the sod
With sweetest grains will testify to God.

—ROBERT NATHAN, in *Harper's Magazine.*

To an Aryan

You and I have spent the revolving years
Hammering chains and turning iron links,
Ropes for a Negro throat and fire that sears
Bodies swung from a tree when starlight blinks.

You and I have sailed the opium ships
Bound for yellow shores of the Orient,
Scarlet streams where a Ghetto gutter drips,
Aztec, Cherokee, the mute are the eloquent.

You and I—What is there left to say?
We who have given lives to auctioneers
Turn from fomented time and face the day—
God may be black in another million years.

—ROBERTA MEYERS.

Communists in Church

One does not expect to find Communists in a Christian church. Communists, according to popular opinion, are atheists and materialists, opposed to religion. Yet we have a church in Seattle, Washington, the Church of the People, in which are good "party" members. These Communist members of the church are active in all phases of its worship and work. They participate in the ministry of music, they usher and they serve on committees. They are among the best workers and attendants the church has.

What kind of church can Communists consistently belong to? Here is the stated purpose of this church. The reader may judge for himself as to whether it is or is not a Christian church.

This is a fellowship of men and women banded together in order to clarify their purposes and ideals, and to dedicate themselves to the consummation of the kingdom of God as set forth in the teachings of Jesus.

They believe the principles of the kingdom, namely, reverence for personality, human brotherhood and divine fatherhood, can be fulfilled only in a cooperative society organized for the common good, and in which production is for the common need. They believe that the capitalistic system is inimical to these ideals. Therefore, they pledge themselves to work for its abolition.

We realize that such a statement of purpose is unusual, especially the last sentence. But it is Christian! It makes central the principles of the religion of Jesus.

How can Communists belong to such a church? Do they not unite, with tongue in cheek, to disrupt the organization or to use it for their own nefarious purposes?

After a year's experience we say without hesitation that these Communists have joined the church with as much sincerity as any like number of non-Communists. They have shown a zeal for the church's program unequalled by the non-Communists. We have discovered why Communists are often called disruptive. It is that they always ask questions that cut to the heart of a discussion. They ask embarrassing questions, not so much in order to embarrass the speaker, but to cut away hypocrisies and loose statements. Consequently our forums have become noted as centers where speakers cannot get away with "guff."

Why should Communists not be sincere in joining a Christian church? What other political group is there that comes nearer to expressing the ideals of the Christian religion? The Democrats? The Republicans? Yet many members of these two old parties are prominent in our Christian churches.

The goal of the Communists is a "classless society." That is exactly what Christians are supposed to stand for. At least it is what the early Christians stood for and tried to bring into being. We are familiar with the account of the early church in Acts. "They had all things in common." The Ananias story is significant in that it put the fear of God into the hearts of those who wanted to play both ends against the middle, who wanted to hold on to their economic security and at the same time be members of the society of the saints. The story of Peter and the sheet let down from heaven was a dramatic warning to those who were afraid of breaking through the division of Jew and Gentile. Paul says that the fellowship of the kingdom is classless; "there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, slave nor free man."

No group has been more emphatic than the Communists in demanding a classless society. But what is more to the point, no group has been more consistent in its practice of a classless society. Where will the Negro find a warmer, less embarrassed welcome than among Communists? Where will Jew rub elbows with Gentile with greater ease than in groups of Communists? Where do we find a keener sense of internationalism than in the Communist party?

The charge that Communists are motivated by class hatred is true only in a very limited degree. It is only human that men and women who have been exploited and crushed should have some hatred toward their oppressors. But most Communists are too fatalistic to be filled with hate against exploiters. They recognize the exploiter as part of a doomed system. They have accepted the Marxist dictum that capitalism has within itself the seeds of its own destruction. Only those Communists who are not familiar with the doctrine waste their energies in ravings against capitalists. The initiated go steadily on educating their friends and others with whom they come into contact. They sell them the *New Masses* or the *New Theater*. They invite them to discussion groups and classes in Communism. They want free discussion because they are convinced that free interchange of ideas will lead the intelligent to the acceptance of the Communist program.

Communists believe, obviously, in the class struggle. But in this they are not unchristian. We have yet to meet a Communist who wanted violence. Rather, through their educational and organizational programs, they appear to be laying the ground for a peaceful transition from capitalism to cooperation. Communists want dramatic expressions of the class struggle. They want to bring home to the masses the cruelties of the present economic order.

The old Hebrew prophets were just as dramatic. They walked the streets of the city with yokes around their necks. They demonstrated. Jesus' dramatic gesture in the temple led to his violent death. By that gesture he drew the issue so clearly that it was either his life or their profits and they followed the usual course. He did not want violence but he got it. Many a Communist has had his ribs kicked in and his head smashed by upholders of law and order, and, incidentally, of the profit system. But they did not want to be kicked and bludgeoned. It is not a pleasant experience even if one does feel for a moment like a hero. Meanwhile one has to take his hat off to these young men and women who are willing to suffer for their faith. It is more than most Christians will do. They are truer than we to the early Christian tradition. They have recaptured, if any have, the first fine careless rapture of the early church. For that reason we welcome them into our modern church.

Reinhold Niebuhr and other writers have pointed out the likeness between the dialectic of Marx and the Christian doctrine of optimism. The good struggles with the evil but the good will triumph. "The arc of the universe is long but it bends toward justice." There is "one far-off divine event toward which the whole creation moves." For the Christian it is the kingdom of God; for the Communist it is the classless society. The consummation is inevitable. But both Christian and Communist, while asserting the inevitability of the synthesis, dedicate themselves to its consummation. The Communist does it with more fervor than the Christian. As Niebuhr says, this is a religious paradox. Even the Calvinists were not content to sit and sing themselves away into everlasting bliss, but sought the

redemption of men and society. We believe, then, that when Communists say they subscribe to the purpose of the church as being "to dedicate themselves to the consummation of the kingdom of God as set forth in the teachings of Jesus," they are sincere and in accord with their own fundamental principles.

The charge that Communists are materialistic and atheistic needs examination. What does one mean by "materialistic"? The latest accomplishment of the Russian Communists is to build in Moscow the most beautiful subway in the world. It was constructed in large part by the volunteer labor of thousands of men and women who gave eagerly of their holidays to digging in the Moscow mud. Is that a materialistic or a spiritual accomplishment? Visitors to Moscow come back with glowing reports of the theaters. There are many and they are packed. Children's theaters are being established all over Russia. No one can read accounts of Russia without being impressed with one fact and that is that the standard of cultural living for the great masses of the people has been raised immeasurably by the Communists. All the fruits of civilization—drama, the dance, literature, painting, science—are available to the people. Is this a spiritual or a materialistic accomplishment? One might compare what has been happening to the fruits of civilization in this Christian country.

After all, if we go to the founder of the Christian religion we find a good deal of the materialistic about him. He did not talk much about heaven and "spiritual" rewards. Most of his recorded acts have to do with the feeding of hungry people, the giving of sight to the blind, the healing of the lame. He told the disciples to pray for daily bread.

It is in the divorcing of the spiritual from the material that religion becomes the opiate of the people. Spiritual benefits compensate for poverty. As the I.W.W.'s used to say, "There'll be pie in the sky by and by." In the hope of such reward the people allow themselves to be exploited. It is against this that Communists have rebelled.

As for atheism, Communists are not the first nor will they be the last to be dubbed atheists. They are in the company of great men, from Socrates to John Dewey. We shall simply repeat what Harry Ward said, "Communists say there is no God and act as if there were; Christians say there is a God and act as if there were no God." We might add the words of Jesus, "By their fruits shall ye know them."

The Christian Church should welcome rather than repel Communists. Many Communists are more than willing to unite with Christian forces against evil if the church is sincere in upholding the ideal of justice.

FRED W. SHORTER.

The Study Table

Mr. Holmes' Play

On Monday evening, September 23rd, just as the Ethiopian situation was rapidly attaining the proportions of a crisis, the Theater Guild presented, in New York City, a play dedicated to the ideals of peace. Now, much to the gratification of many of those who were fortunate enough to see it, and perhaps even more to the gratification of those who were unable to see the play but wished they might have, "If This Be Treason" makes its appearance in printed form* and is available to those outside the immediate metropolitan area.

As is inevitable in all such cases, the play loses much when read rather than seen, this one in particular, due to the consummate stagecraft with which the Theatre Guild produced it. Many of the lines, when read, do not have the sharp pungency with which the actors were able to endow them, and the minor characters, especially in view of the fact that there are so many of them, necessarily lose some of their vividness. Moreover, it would be difficult for the reader to picture the smoothness with which conversation passes from one unrelated group to another in the scene depicting the Inaugural Ball.

But this play gains, in reading, many things which a play with less to say would not. The script is close-packed. Scarcely a word is wasted in those lines which carry the plot and idea of the play forward, and there is very little time devoted to so-called "comic relief." Thus, the reader is enabled to catch many a reference, many a point, many a jibe, which passed completely by the playgoer, however attentive he might have been. For example, all the subtle unspoken considerations which motivate the lesser characters, in their particular desire for war, could not possibly have been caught by one seeing the play, but they are there on the printed page to arrest the attention of the reader if he is alert, and to cause him, if he has devoted much study to the causes of war, to feel that the subject is in competent hands.

The published play has one other very obvious advantage over the theater production. Prologues are out of fashion, and doubtless very properly so. But introductions to books are not, and in the publishing of the play Dr. Holmes has availed himself of this opportunity to state his case, and with marked success. But let me hasten to caution the reader here that the "Introduction" should be read after the play, not before. It is not that the plot is given away there. It is rather that a knowledge of the context of the play is essential to the complete understanding of the introduction. Furthermore, just as you take a play on its own merits when you go to see it, so you should read this one, make up your mind what you think its message to be, and then read the introduction and see what the author himself says he had in mind.

The subject matter of the "Introduction" leads directly to a consideration of the play itself, as a play, apart from the particular form in which it makes its appearance, or, perhaps more accurately, as a play actually produced, since in the last analysis a piece which cannot stand production can be no more than a literary exercise at best. It is an out-and-out peace play, depicting the measures taken by a President determined to maintain peace even though he is informed on the evening of his inauguration that the Japanese have taken Manila.

The reactions of the professional critics were almost as varied as the number of reviewers, but perhaps two may fairly be selected as representative of the general cleavage of divergent points of view expressed: Brooks Atkinson, writing in *The New York Times,* as possibly the most dignified and worthy representative

* "If This Be Treason," a play by John Haynes Holmes and Reginald Lawrence: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

of those who applauded heartily, and Percy Hammond, writing for *The Herald-Tribune,* as certainly the most vitriolic and uncompromising of those who sat "in the scorner's seat, and hurled the cynic's ban." Mr. Atkinson said: "Although the authors are not footlight magicians, they know how to fire the imagination with ideas that are fantastic because they might easily be true. This reporter found himself terribly persuaded last evening to believe in what the peace prophets had in mind." He concludes, "'If This Be Treason' is worth doing, seeing, and discussing." The following Sunday, presumably after a week's sober discussion and thought, Mr. Atkinson, in his general consideration of the theater, after devoting nearly a column to the play, reiterates his point. "There are frequent occasions in the theater when it is pleasant to suspend artistic judgment, in the interests of intellectual speculation. Mr. Holmes and Mr. Lawrence speak with a most damnable plausibility."

His reference to "the suspension of artistic judgment" is doubtless a concession to the viewpoint of the opposing camp, of which we shall here permit Mr. Hammond of *The Herald-Tribune,* normally a paper of conservative understatement, to be the spokesman. His bitter diatribe is worth quoting at length. "War, he (Mr. Holmes) has discovered, is inexcusable, and efforts should be made to smooth its grim visaged front. If the Japs want Manila, why not let them take it, he sanely contends. What, he adds, is a Philippine or two, and why is it necessary for the Star Spangled Banner to wave over the ungrateful pagans of an Oriental archipelago? Valley Forge and Gettysburg were hateful follies in Dr. Holmes's opinion, and our father's fights for liberty and the preservation of the Union were empty gestures.

"After seeing Monday night's performance of 'If This Be Treason,' one arrives reluctantly at the conclusion that Dr. Holmes belongs in the Church, rather than in the Music Box. Although produced under the vatican auspices of the Theater Guild, it is as impious a desecration of the theater as Broadway has ever reveled in. The play is a greasy extravaganza, loud, boisterous and unreal," and so on.

So loudly and heatedly is the play denounced here and by others of the same camp that those who feel the play to be a worthy undertaking must have taken a secret satisfaction from the spectacle. A play that can wring such words of passion from the critic who might be supposed to be long since hardened to incompetent productions has, by that very token, proved itself to possess one of the first qualifications of great drama, namely, the ability to arouse an audience. And that the audience was aroused, no less those who approved than those who did not, is seen by the cheers and applause which constantly interrupted the progress of the play.

From the factual point of view alone, the foregoing criticism is misleading. Neither by word nor implication does the play propose that the Philippines be given to Japan, merely to avoid a war, as this review suggests. Nor does the play imply that "Valley Forge and Gettysburg were hateful follies." The point of the play is rather that the world has, or should have, progressed since that time to a point where it can settle its disputes in a saner fashion than by wholesale slaughter. How far along that devious path this world has come is open to very grave doubt of course, but which is the better procedure, taken from any standpoint, no serious doubts are today entertained.

That Mr. Hammond subsequently recognized his mistake, however, is apparent from some paragraphs of his feature article in *The Herald-Tribune* the following Sunday, where he says: "The fact that a few critics and people do not care for Dr. John Haynes Holmes' anti-war sermon, 'If This Be Treason,' is not because they doubt his sincerity, or that of his instruction. All of them, I believe, regard war as a nuisance, at best, an odious and costly means of determining a right from a wrong. Nor do they suspect Dr. Holmes and his collaborator of any interest in peace that is unworthy. They sympathize with his feelings, and admire his ardor. Their only objection to 'If This Be Treason' is that, according to their standards, it is not a good play." In another half-column discussion in his Sunday feature article of October 13, he mentions having received 1,234 communications in regard to the play, all of them condemnatory but an unsigned postal. The appearance of the digits suggests that the number is fictitious, but it is probably not too much to conclude that the impressions of the general theater-going public run strongly contrary to those of Mr. Hammond.

We are, nevertheless, out of the smoke of literary controversy, brought squarely up to the real issue to be considered, namely: is "If This Be Treason," taken as a play and not as a sermon, a good play—not a great play—but merely a good play? And this question in turn at once divides itself into several subsidiary considerations, the first being whether it be adroitly and suavely written. This seems to be the great defect insisted on by the opponents of the play, and, admittedly, here their complaint, if it be a complaint, has some foundation in fact. There is very little that is clever in the dialogue, and, to those nurtured on sophisticated modern drama, this weakness is perhaps fatal. And yet, from the point of view of those who have long since been surfeited with mere cleverness, and who seek in the drama something worth spending an evening to see, the absence of repartee is welcome.

On the other hand, the script also attains genuine eloquence and power, as, for example, when President Gordon warns representatives in Congress that they may declare war if they wish, but that not a ship shall sail, not a gun be fired, for he, the President, as commander-in-chief of the army and navy, will never give the order.

There is also no doubt that the play is somewhat "preachy." This impression seems to take its rise from two sources. In the first place, the President is permitted to ask too often what it matters what happens to him, and to state that he wants to do what is right if he can only tell what is the right thing to do. His high moral character and purpose are sufficiently obvious, and reiteration of the point serves rather to weaken than to strengthen it. Moreover, the point that peace must obtain, and that a means must be devised by which it may be kept, is also quite manifest by the very nature of the play, and would be more powerfully borne in upon the audience if the President was not permitted so often to say so.

Such are the criticisms to which the play seems to be open in the minds of those who have seen it. But from the point of view of craftsmanship, there are quite as many commendable elements to be found in "If This Be Treason." In the first place, it sustains the interest of the audience throughout. Each scene and each act carry the action ahead by a very considerable distance and leave it ready to recommence,

when the curtain rises again, more intensively than before. Moreover, there is no lack of dramatic quality in the action. So prominent is this element, in fact, that the play is generally considered to be a melodrama. The action is swift and smooth. There are no jerks and no sallies into bypaths.

The direction which the action is to take is made clear in the first scene, and from there on it marches forward in a straightforward clear-cut line to its inevitable conclusion. There is no love interest whatever, and yet American audiences generally conceded to have little liking for a hero not in love follow the struggle of Gordon to live up to his ideals with intense interest, and that is an achievement of which many a suave and "literary" play has not been able to boast. William Archer, in his book, *Playmaking,* in a discussion which ranges all the way from "Agamemnon" to his own day, concludes that "the essence of drama is crisis. A play is a more or less rapidly developing crisis in destiny or circumstances."

There is a broader basis on which to consider a given play than that of mere craftsmanship, and that is the thing it purports to do. If it purports to amuse merely, then it must be judged solely by whether it amuses or not. And if it purports to say something as all serious plays must to give them substance, then what they say, and how well they say it, must be taken into consideration in deciding whether the play is good or bad. It is not to be thought, of course, that any play which embodies a good idea is to be hailed as great merely on that basis alone. If a play is not tolerably well written, and tolerably well done, then no idea, however exalted, can save it from the contumely and oblivion which it deserves. But a great idea can change the ordinary into the extraordinary, more easily than can mere silken diction.

George Jean Nathan makes some interesting observations in this connection in his book, *Materia Critica.* He says: "Too much emphasis, it seems to me, is laid by the critics upon form. Perfection of form is hardly the *sine qua non* of fine art. . . . Great art is often as formless as inferior art is perfect in form." And again: "The value of a detached point of view in artistic creation seems to me to be absurdly over-estimated. Truly great art is the product of passionate interest and hot enthusiasm." Dr. Holmes, it seems to me, falls exactly within this formula. He had a great idea for a play. It sprang from a lifetime devoted to the cause of peace, and in hot enthusiasm he transcribed it for the theater with the collaboration of Reginald Lawrence. The result is not, and could not be expected to be, a thing with the finesse of one who had devoted his life to the study of the forms and technique of the drama, and seasoned his art by submitting play after play to the tastes of the theater-going public. The remarkable thing is, rather, that a man who has devoted his life to preaching could suddenly write a play which Broadway would produce.

There are those who say the idea itself, far from being great, is preposterous, and so over-simplifies the international situation as to forfeit all claim to plausibility. They say that the mere presence of the President of the United States in Japan would not be sufficient to transform the war fever of the nationalistic-minded Japanese into a popular movement for peace. And in this they are quite right as far as they go. But, one and all, the critics have overlooked a counter consideration undoubtedly introduced by the authors from their own realization of the acuteness of the problem of nationalism. The tide does not turn completely in the minds of the common people of Japan until their great pacifist leader Koye is freed from jail, where he has been kept by the war party. With national feeling running high, and the possibility of acquiring such a desirable expanse of territory as the Philippines, it is quite probable that even the common man in Japan would want war. The common man of every nation has wanted war in the past when he thought his nation, or he himself, was going to gain something by it, and one has but to converse with young men of Italy and Germany today to realize that this feeling has to a surprising degree survived the World War.

The critics overlook the fact that the propaganda for peace, which Gordon proposes to substitute for war propaganda, will go a long way toward changing national feeling, and they overlook the fact that public sentiment could rally and change behind a great peace-loving idealist in Japan, as it has actually done to some extent under the leadership of Kagawa, whom Dr. Holmes is frank to say he had in mind when creating the character Koye.

Taken on its own facts, the play is plausible. But the particular events by which the idea behind the incidents is brought out are mere accidents of the plot chosen. It is the fundamental idea which the play proposes that is really important. It says that the common man in every nation is peace-loving, and that, if fed the propaganda of peace under inspiring leadership, he would call as loudly for peace as, in some countries of the present day, he is now prone to call for war. In the words of John Gordon, "The glorious examples have all been on the side of war." Let us now make peace more glorious than was ever war. Truly this is a great idea.

DUNCAN HOWLETT.

Germany and the Churches

Mr. Shuster knows Nazi Germany with a thoroughness which stirs admiration and establishes the immediate confidence of his readers. In view of his abhorrence of Hitler and all his works, he is amazingly successful in this book in maintaining a rigorously objective attitude toward his problem. He can speak of "gutter rats in brown uniforms," but this is an exceptional outburst of the inner feeling which is surging within his breast. For the most part, he remains the sober historian whose business it is to recognize, report and evaluate facts.

The present volume* is primarily a study of religion under the Nazis, and as such is by all odds the best book on the subject now available. The story of what has happened to the Protestants and to the Catholics in Germany under Hitler's regime is told in careful chronological detail and with abundant information. As himself a Roman Catholic, editor of the *Commonweal,* Mr. Shuster writes with especial authority on the experience of his own church. But his chapters on "The Protestant Struggle," full of insight and understanding, are better than any Protestant has yet given us. In reaction upon a genuine religious persecution, Mr. Shuster seems to lose all sense of separation between these two great branches of Christendom,

* "Like a Mighty Army," by George N. Shuster. Published by D. Appleton-Century Co. $2.00.

and thus to recognize a single historic episode of enormous political and spiritual consequence for the future.

Particularly valuable and unique is the author's presentation of the plight of Christianity in Germany, as intimately bound up with the Jewish persecutions. To many a reader it will seem surprising that a history of Lutheranism and Catholicism in the Third Reich should open with a long account of "The War on the Jews." But Mr. Shuster makes plain, what is not commonly understood these days, that the two things go together, as two chapters of a single story. The anti-Semitic movement, for example, is stirred not merely by the age-old prejudice against Jews as persons or even as members of a tribe, but more by hatred of Jews as an influence in German life which is alien, from the Nazi viewpoint, to its best interests and purposes. Now Christianity, these Nazis contend, is essentially a part of the Jewish influence in history. It is from the Jews that Christianity sprang in the beginning, and from the Jews that it took over its basic moral ideals and religious principles, all of which the Nazis regard as subversive of the integrity of German ideology. Along with the Jew, therefore, the Nazis are determined to get rid of everything that the Jew has produced. Hence their resolve to destroy a Christianity which is rooted in the Semitic tradition and to foster in its place what they call the "German faith," or the "New Paganism." It is amazing that the Christians of Germany have apparently not seen this inherent connection between the Christian Church and the Jewish synagogue. Had they been more aware of this basic reality of a common fate, the churches might have been more quick in their resentment against the Nazi attack upon Israel. As it is, they have remained more or less quiescent, while a horror was released upon the Jews which speedily engulfed themselves.

Mr. Shuster's book again and again broadens out, like a flowing stream, to an inclusion of the whole Nazi problem. He tells us exactly how this problem arose, and what it means today. He is insistent that National Socialism is really the product of a barbarism which began long before the Swastika was ever lifted, indeed before the Great War itself broke upon the world. "A whole era of anti-Christianity," he declares, "has gone into making this butchery and barbarism, this infantile propaganda and this canny persecution." He believes that there can be little hope for the future, either in Germany or in our whole Western world, except as we stand fast and be not afraid to make the "choice between the mouth of a pistol and the foot of the cross." There must be a united front, in other words, speedily formed and heroically maintained, if we are not all to fall and fail together.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

The Fruits of Capitalism

"The educational system (of the United States)," writes Jerome Davis, "is biased in favor of a capitalistic culture," and those who know the system and the culture must agree. But there are exceptions, and the professor from Yale who has written "Capitalism and Its Culture"* is a shining exception, for his book is as comprehensive, as documented, and as uncompromising an arraignment of the world-view of our profit-motivated economy as will be found in print.

It is comprehensive. It sketches the history of capitalism. It defines capitalism not only as an economic system but as a philosophic viewpoint. It describes the processes involved in exploiting the earth and its inhabitants from mine and forest and fertile field to the marble halls of bankers and the luxurious nests of holding-company executives. It lists with heartless thoroughness the by-products of a capitalist society; a commercialized amusement, a press bought and paid for, a censored radio, an obedient ecclesiastical machine, a seemly educational structure—with all their appurtenances and implications.

It is documented. Twenty-seven pages of references support statements which, flatly made, would strike many as distortion of the truth. This scholarly treatment of the material cannot help but add weight to the text and makes the book extremely damaging to the system it describes. It names names. The chart of the affiliations of the Associated Gas and Electric Company (alone worth the price of the book) is an excellent example and sustains with silent power Mr. Davis' pointed charges against "corpocracy."

The book certainly is uncompromising. A chapter on "The Case for Capitalism," tries valiantly to be objective but our author is a soldier crusading and pays few compliments to the enemy. Some of his chapter headings illustrate the spirit of the text: "Higher Racketeering," "A Capitalistic Culture," "Recreation or Mal-Creation," "Interrelated Crime," "A Business Press," "A Refracted Education," "An Interlocking Control of Religion," "A Subsidized State," "The Worker and the Double Standard of Morality." The author does not mince words. In a brief concluding chapter, he sums up the position toward which he believes the facts unerringly point. We must choose, he says, not between a "rampant predatory capitalism and a purged benevolent order, but between capitalism and a new economy."

If you are one of the thousands whose minds have been agitated these past years by rival economic theories and if, further, you are interested in permitting the facts of modern American life to affect your wavering but unavoidable decision, read Jerome Davis' book. It will not be easy reading. The author is no Thornton Wilder, no Sinclair Lewis. He does not play the pipes of Pan nor clash the cymbals so loved by the populace. He is more like the smith at his anvil, relentlessly handling the white hot stuff of an impersonal and colossal era. The book really makes difficult reading—when you combine a sociologist and a crusader, the literary consequences are apt to be strenuous. Yet, for all who wish to get at the heart of the most immediate problem of our day and work out their own answers in the light of the facts, this book will prove invaluable.

JAMES DAHIR.

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*Jerome Davis, "Capitalism and Its Culture." Farrar & Rhinehart, New York. 1935, 556 pp., bibliography and index, $3.00.

The Field

(*Continued from Page* 122)

zens, men and women of all classes, took part in it. The students went on to the line and tore up the rails to prevent the train from starting. The whole crowd then turned and met the soldiers, who were surrounded by officers and carabineers, and, with cries of 'Down with Crispi' and cheers for the army, succeeded in a short time in literally compelling them to return to the barracks. There they remained until the middle of the night, when they left the Castle through a back window, descended by a ladder on to a deserted piece of ground, were marched stealthily back to the railway station, and sent on to Genoa inside a luggage train. But the moral effect of this demonstration was magnificent. It met with instant response from the youth of the other Italian universities. Will not the youth of other countries now send their greetings in anticipation of the day when one great flood of world-wide enthusiasm will end the whole wicked business of war?

"Meanwhile the highest and noblest and most enlightened courage is being shown in the very moment of defeat and disaster. Good must come of it eventually, whatever blunders there may still be before the end of this campaign. There have been fine things said and done from the first, Cavalotti, Imbriani, Costa, and others in the Chamber of Deputies expressed regret and respect for the dead and wounded of the enemy, as well as for their own. It was a sublime impulse which made them do so in the very moment of defeat, and such an episode makes one believe that the brotherhood of man may not be a too distant dream, and that not for ever will fools and knaves in power add to the burden of weeping and make a hell of earth and turn men into destroying devils.

"This is the noble resolution of the women of Pavia, the city of Adelaide Cairoli. They have never grudged the lives of their best and dearest to their country, and they do not fear to be called unpatriotic today. 'The women of Pavia are full of sadness and pity for the inconsolable affliction of so many Italian families, and also for those mourners among that other people who are defending their country and their independence. They take part in the anxieties and the tears of the mothers, the wives, the daughters, the sisters of all those who are in battle, irrespective of race or color. They tremble for the fate of their country, to which will come neither glory nor profit from an undertaking not prompted by liberty and justice. They remember all that their city and their Lombardy endured to free Italy from the stranger, and they believe, what their nearest and dearest have taught them, that it is sweet to die for their country. They declare that the heroic constancy of our soldiers, praised today by the whole of the civilized world and also by the foe, should not be exercised as a sacrifice to a dictator but should be sacred to the good of the people. They demand that our battalions should be recalled from Africa and that so many precious lives should be restored to the land of their devotion. They invoke the memories of modern Italy in which the false glories of conquest have no part, the memories of their Italy that from Columbus to Garibaldi has been the bearer of civilization and fraternal help to the unhappy and the oppressed.'

"Will not some of the women's associations send messages of sympathy and appreciation to the women of Italy, through those in Pavia, who have written this manifesto? And will not some of our young men, with the generosity of youth, let their brothers in Italy know that they are with them heart and soul? Or must there still be only interchanges of international discourtesies, as when the words of a crack-brained war-lord were magnified into importance by unscrupulous financial adventurers and given effect to by the sham courage, the real cowardice of the men on our front benches and their backers-up? I have dwelt more especially upon Pavia, but in every town and city the same sentiments are finding expression in language of the greatest calmness and nobility. Everywhere it is insisted on that the disgrace lay in going to Africa, and that there is no disgrace in coming away.

"Do kings ever see their opportunities? Here is the King of Italy's. Let him give power to the men who, from the first, have opposed the war and prophesied disaster. They alone could organize the retreat in such a spirit of triumph, that the army would return to a country wild with enthusiasm to receive it, and ready to inaugurate a new era that might truly be 'On earth peace, goodwill toward men.'—Yours truly,

E. M. Cobden.

Venice, March 6."

—Yours, &c., X.

London, October 11.

—*The Manchester Guardian.*

The Eight Degrees of Charity

There are eight degrees or steps in the duty of charity.

The first and lowest degree is to give, but with reluctance and regret. This is the gift of the hand, but not of the heart.

The second is to give cheerfully, but not proportionately to the distress of the sufferer.

The third is to give cheerfully, and proportionately, but not until solicited.

The fourth is to give cheerfully, proportionately, and even unsolicited, but to put it in the poor man's hand, thereby exciting in him the painful emotion of shame.

The fifth is to give charity in such a way that the distressed may receive the bounty, and know their benefactor, without their being known to him. Such was the conduct of some of our ancestors, who used to tie up money in the corners of their cloaks, so that the poor might take it unperceived.

The sixth, which rises still higher, is to know the objects of our bounty, but remain unknown to them. Such was the conduct of those of our ancestors who used to convey their charitable gifts into poor people's dwellings, taking care that their own persons and names should remain unknown.

The seventh is still more meritorious, namely, to bestow charity in such a way that the benefactor may not know the relieved persons, nor they the names of their benefactors, as was done by our charitable forefathers during the existence of the temple. For there was in that holy building a place called the Chamber of the Silent, wherein the good deposited secretly whatever their generous hearts suggested, and from which the poor were maintained with equal secrecy.

Lastly, the eighth, and the most meritorious of all, is to anticipate charity by preventing poverty; namely, to assist the reduced fellow-man, either by a considerable gift, or a sum of money, or by teaching him a trade, or by putting him in the way of business, so that he may earn an honest livelihood, and not be forced to the dreadful alternative of holding out his hand for charity. * * * This is the highest step and the summit of charity's golden ladder.

—Maimonides.